

LEWIS BABOON
Turned Honest,
AND
JOHN BULL
POLITICIAN.

Being
The FOURTH PART
OF
Law is a Bottomless-Pit.

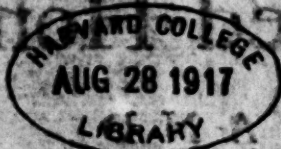
Printed from a Manuscript found in the
Cabinet of the famous Sir *Humphry*
Polesworth: And Publish'd, (as well
as the Three former Parts and *Appen-*
dix) by the Author of the *N E W*
ATALANTIS.

The Second Edition, Corrected.

LONDON: Printed for *John Morphew*, near
Stationers-Hall. 1712. Price 6 d.

LEWIS BABOON

Turner House



JOHN BULL

POLITICIAN

Being

The Fourth Part

OF

LEWIS BABOON

John Arbuthnot

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LEWIS

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LEWIS BABOON *turned Honest.*

A N D

JOHN BULL *Politician.*

The P R E F A C E.

WHEN I was first call'd to the Office of Historiographer to *John Bull*, he express'd himself to this purpose: *Sir Humphry, I know you are a plain Dealer; it is for that Reason I have chosen you for this important Trust; speak the Truth, and spare not.* That I might fulfil those his honourable Intentions, I obtain'd Leave to repair to, and attend him in his most secret Retirements; and I put the Journals of all Transactions into a strong Box, to be open'd at a fitting Occasion, after the manner of the Historiographers of some Eastern Monarchs; This I thought was the safest way; tho' I declare I was never afraid to be chop'd by my Master for telling of Truth. It is from those Journals that my Memoirs are compil'd: Therefore let not Posterity, a thousand Years hence, look for Truth in the voluminous *Annals*

nals of Pedants, who are entirely ignorant of the secret Springs of great Actions; if they do, let me tell them, they will be *Nebus'd*. With incredible Pains have I endeavour'd to copy the several Beauties of the ancient and modern Historians; the impartial Temper of *Herodotus*, the Gravity, Austerity, and strict Morals of *Thucidides*, the extensive Knowledge of *Xenophon*, the Sublimity and Grandeur of *Titus Livius*, and to avoid the careless Stile of *Polybius*: I have borrow'd considerable Ornaments from *Dionysius Halicarnassens* and *Diodorus Siculus*: The specious Gilding of *Tacitus* I endeavour'd to shun. *Mariana*, *Davila*, and *Fra. Paulo*, are those amongst the Moderns whom I thought most worthy of Imitation. But I cannot be so disingenuous, as not to own the infinite Obligations I have to the *Pilgrim's Progress* of *John Bunyan*, and the *Tenter Belly* of the Reverend *Joseph Hall*. From such Encouragement and Helps, it is easy to guess to what a degree of Perfection I might have brought this great Work, had it not been nip'd in the Bud by some illiterate People in both Houses of Parliament, who envying the great Figure I was to make in future Ages, under Pretence of raising Money for the War, have padlock'd all those very Pens that were to celebrate the Actions of their Heroes, by silencing at once the whole University of *Grubstreet*. I am perswaded, that nothing but the Prospect of an approaching

ing

ing Peace could have encourag'd them to make so bold a step. But suffer me, in the Name of the rest of the Matriculates of that famous University, to ask them some plain Questions: Do they think that Peace will bring along with it the Golden Age? Will there be never a Dying Speech of a Traitor? Are *Cethegus* and *Cataline* turn'd so tame, that there will be no opportunity to cry about the Streets, *A Dangerous Plot*? Will Peace bring such Plenty, that no Gentleman will have occasion to go upon the Highway, or break into a House? I am sorry that the World should be so much impos'd upon by the Dreams of a *False Prophet*, as to imagine the *Millennium* is at hand. O *Grub-street*! thou fruitful Nursery of towering Genius's! how do I lament thy Downfall? Thy Ruin could never be meditated by any who meant well to *English Liberty*: No modern *Lycaum* will ever equal thy Glory, whether in soft Pastorals, thou sung the Flames of pamper'd Apprentices and coy Cook-Maids, or mournful Ditties of departing Lovers; or if to *Mæonian* Strains thou rais'd thy Voice, to record the Stratagems, the arduous Exploits, and the nocturnal Scalade of needy Heroes, the Terror of your peaceful Citizen, describing the powerful *Betty*, or the artful *Picklock*, or the secret Caverns and Grotto's of *Vulcan* sweating at his Forge, and stamping the Queen's Image on viler Metals, which he retails for Beef, and Pots of Ale; or if thou wert

con-

content in simple Narrative to relate the cruel
 Acts of implacable Revenge, or the Com-
 plaints of ravish'd Virgins, blushing to tell
 their Adventure before the listening Crowd
 of City-Damsels, whilst in thy faithful History
 thou intermingles the gravest Counsels and
 the purest Morals: Nor less acute and pierc-
 ing wert thou in thy Search and pompous De-
 scription of the Works of Nature, whether in
 proper and emphatick Terms thou didst paint
 the blazing Comets fiery Tale, the stupen-
 dous Force of dreadful Thunder and Earth-
 quakes, and the unrelenting Inundations;
 Sometimes, with *Machiavelian* Sagacity, thou
 unravellest the Intrigues of State, and the
 traiterous Conspiracies of Rebels giving wise
 Counsel to Monarchs. How didst thou move
 our Terror and our Pity with thy passionate
 Scenes, between *Jack-catch* and the Heroes of
 the *Old-Baily*! How didst thou describe their
 intrepid March up *Holborn-Hill*! Nor didst
 thou shine less in thy theological Capacity,
 when thou gavest ghostly Counsel to dying
 Felons, and recorded the guilty Pangs of Sab-
 bath-breakers! How will the noble Arts of
John Overton's Painting and Sculpture now
 languish! where rich Invention, proper Ex-
 pression, correct Design, divine Attitudes,
 and artful Contrast, heighten'd with the
 Beauties of *Clar-Obscur*, embellish'd thy cele-
 brated Pieces to the Delight and Astonishment
 of the judicious Multitude! Adieu, persuasive
 Elo-

Eloquence! the quaint Metaphor, the poignant Irony, the proper Epithet, and the lively Simile, are fled to *Barleigh on the Hill*: Instead of these, we shall have *I know not what*—— * *The Illiterate will tell the* * Vid. Bp. of St. Asaph's Preface. *rest with Pleasure!* I hope the Reader will excuse this Digression, due by way of Condolance to my worthy Brethren of *Grab-street*, for the approaching Barbarity that is likely to overspread all its Regions, by this oppressive and exorbitant Tax! It has been my good Fortune to receive my Education there; and so long as I preserv'd some Figure and Rank amongst the Learned of that Society, I scorn'd to take my Degree either at *Utrecht* or *Leyden*, though I was offer'd it *gratis* by the Professors there.

CHAP. L.

The Sequel of the History of the Meeting at the Salutation,

W HERE, I think, I left *John Bull*, sitting between *Nic. Frog* and *Lewis Baboon*, with his Arms *a-kimbo*, in great Concern to keep *Lewis* and *Nic.* asunder. As watchful as he was, *Nic.* found the Means, now and then, to steal a Whisper, and, by a cleanly Conveyance under the Table, to slip a short Note into *Lewis's* hand,

B

which

which *Lewis* as slyly put into *John's* Pocket, with a Pinch or a Jog, to warn him what he was about. *John* had the Curiosity to retire into a Corner, to peruse these *Billet deux* of *Nic's*; wherein he found, that *Nic.* had used great Freedoms, both with his Interest and Reputation. One contained these words, *Dear Lewis, Thou seest clearly that this Block-head can never bring his Matters to bear: Let thee and me talk to night by our selves at the Rose, and I'll give thee Satisfaction.* Another was thus express'd; *Friend Lewis, Has thy Sense quite forsaken thee, to make Bull such Offers? Hold fast, part with nothing, and I will give thee a better Bargain, I'll warrant thee.*

In some of his Billets, he told *Lewis* "that *John Bull* was under his Guardianship; that the best part of his Servants were at his Command; that he could have *John* gagg'd and bound whenever he pleased, by the People of his own Family." In all these Epistles, Blockhead, Dunce, Ass, Coxcomb, were the best Epithets he gave poor *John*: In others he threatned, "that He, Esquire *South*, and the rest of the Tradesmen, would lay *Lewis* down upon his Back, bear out his Teeth, if he did not retire immediately, and break up the Meeting.

I fancy I need not tell my Reader, that *John* often chang'd Colour as he read, and that his Fingers itch'd to give *Nic.* a good Slap on the Chops; but he wisely moderated his

his cholerick Temper: " I sav'd this Fellow
 " (quoth he) from the Gallows when he ran
 " away from his last Master, because I thought
 " he was harshly treated; but the Rogue was
 " no sooner safe under my Protection, than
 " he began to lie, pilfer, and steal, like the
 " Devil: When I first set him up in a warm
 " House, he had hardly put up his Sign,
 " when he began to debauch my best Cu-
 " stomers from me: Then it was his con-
 " stant Practice to rob my Fish-ponds, not
 " only to feed his Family, but to trade with
 " the Fishmongers: I conniv'd at the Fellow
 " till he began to tell me, that they were
 " his as much as mine: In my Manour of
 " *Eastcheap*, because it lay at some distance
 " from my constant Inspection, he broke
 " down my Fences, robb'd my Orchards, and
 " beat my Servants. When I us'd to reprimand him for his Tricks, he would talk
 " saucily, lye, and brazen it out, as if he
 " had done nothing amiss. Will nothing
 " cure thee of thy Pranks *Nic.* (quoth I?) I
 " shall be forced, some time or another, to
 " chastise thee: The Rogue got up his Cane
 " and threatned me, and was well thwack'd
 " for his Pains: But I think his Behaviour
 " at this time worst of all; after I have al-
 " most drowned my self, to keep his Head
 " above Water, he would leave me sticking
 " in the Mud, trusting to his Goodness to
 " help me out. After I have beggar'd my

" self with his troublesome Law-Suit, with
 " a Pox to him, he takes it in mighty Dud-
 " geon because I have brought him here to
 " end Matters amicably, and because I won't
 " let him make me over, by Deed and Inden-
 " ture, as his lawful Cully; which, to my
 " certain Knowledge, he has attempted se-
 " veral times. But, after all, canst thou ga-
 " ther Grapes from Thorns? *Nic.* does not
 " pretend to be a Gentleman, he is a Trades-
 " man, a self-seeking Wretch; but how ca-
 " mest thou to bear all this, *John*? The Rea-
 " son is plain; Thou conferrest the Benefits,
 " and he receives them; the first produces
 " Love, and the last Ingratitude: Ah! *Nic.*
 " *Nic.* thou art a damn'd Dog, that's cer-
 " tain; thou knowest too well, that I will
 " take care of thee, else thou would'st not
 " use me thus: I won't give thee up, it is
 " true; but as true as it is, thou shalt not sell
 " me, according to thy laudable Custom.
 " While *John* was deep in this Soliloquy,
 " *Nic.* broke out into the following Protesta-
 " tion.

Gentlemen,

" I believe every body here present will
 " allow me to be a very just and disinte-
 " rested Person. My Friend *John Bull* here
 " is very angry with me, forsooth, because
 " I won't agree to his foolish Bargains. Now
 " I declare to all Mankind, I should be ready

" to

"to sacrifice my own Concerns to his Quiet;
 "but the care of his Interest, and that of the
 "honest Tradesmen that are embark'd with
 "us, keeps me from entering into this Com-
 "position. What shall become of those poor
 "Creatures? The Thoughts of their impen-
 "ding Ruin disturbs my Night's Rest, there-
 "fore I desire they may speak for themselves.
 "If they are willing to give up this Affair,
 "I shan't make two words of it.

John Bull (begg'd him to lay aside that
 immoderate Concern for him; and withal,
 put him in mind, that the Interest of those
 Tradesmen had not sat quite so heavy upon
 him some Years ago, on a like Occasion. *Nic.*
 answer'd little to that, but immediately pull'd
 out a Boatswain's Whistle; upon the first
 Whiff, the Tradesmen came jumping into the
 Room, and began to surround *Lewis* like so
 many yelping Curs about a great Boar, or,
 to use a modest Simile, like Duns at a great
 Lord's Levè the Morning he goes into the
 Country; one pull'd him by the Sleeve, ano-
 ther by the Skirt, a third hallow'd in his
 Ear; they began to ask him for all that had
 been taken from their Forefathers by Stealth,
 Fraud, Force, or lawful Purchase; some ask'd
 for Manours, others for Acres, that lay con-
 venient for them; that he would pull down
 his Fences, level his Ditches; all agreed in
 one common Demand, that he should be
 purg'd,

purg'd, sweated, vomited, and starv'd, till he came to a sizeable Bulk, like that of his Neighbours; one modestly ask'd him Leave to call him Brother. *Nic. Frog* demanded two Things, to be his Porter and his Fishmonger, to keep the Keys of his Gates, and furnish his Kitchen. *John's* Sister *Peg* only desir'd that he would let his Servants sing Psalms a Sundays. Some descended even to the asking of old Cloaths, Shoes, and Boots, broken Bottles, Tobacco-pipes, and Ends of Candles.

Monsieur Bull (quoth *Lewis*) you seem to be a Man of some Breeding; for God's sake use your Interest with these Messieurs, that they wou'd speak but one at once; for if one had a hundred pair of Hands, and as many Tongues, he cannot satisfy them all at this rate. *John* begg'd they might proceed with some Method; then they stop'd all of a sudden, and would not say a word. If this be your Play (quoth *John*) that we may not be like a Quaker's dumb Meeting, let us begin some Diversion; what d'ye think of Rouly-Pouly, or a Country-Dance? What if we should have a Match at Football! I am sure we shall never end Matters at this rate.

C H A P. II.

*How John Bull and Nic. Frog settled
their Accompts.*

J. Bull. **D**URING this general Cessation of Talk,
what if You and I Nic. should en-
quire how Money-matters stand between us?

Nic. Frog. With all my Heart, I love exact
Dealing; and let Hocus Audit; he knows how
the Money was disburs'd.

J. Bull. I am not much for that at present;
we'll settle it between Ourselves: Fair and Square
Nic. keeps Friends together. There have been
laid out in this Law-Suit, at one time 36000
Pounds and 40000 Crowns: In some Cases I, in
others you, bear the greatest proportion.

Nic. Right: I pay three Fifths of the greatest
Number, and you pay two Thirds of the lesser
Number: I think this is Fair and Square as you
call it.

John. Well, go on.

Nic. Two Thirds of 36000 Pounds are 24000
Pounds for your Share, and there remains 12000
for mine. Again, Of the 40000 Crowns I pay
24000, which is three Fifths, and you pay only
16000, which is two Fifths; 24000 Crowns make
6000 Pounds, and 16000 Crowns make 4000
Pounds: 12000 and 6000 make 18000: 24000
and 4000 makes 28000. So there are 18000
Pounds to my Share of the Expences, and 28000
to yours.

After

After *Nic.* had bambouzed *John* a while about the 18000 and the 28000, *John* call'd for Counters; but what with Slight of Hand, and taking from his own Score and adding to *John's*, *Nic.* brought the Balance always on his own side.

J. Bull. Nay, good Friend *Nic.* though I am not quite so nimble in the Fingers, I understand Cyphering as well as you: I will produce you my Accompts one by one, fairly writ out of my own Books: And here I begin with the first. You must excuse me if I don't pronounce the Law Terms right.

[*John Reads.*]

Fees to the Lord Ch. Justice and	l	s.	d.
other Judges, by way of Di-	200	10	06
vidend	—		

Fees to puny Judges	—	50	00	00
---------------------	---	----	----	----

To Esquire South for post Ter-	}	100	10	06
minums				

To ditto for <i>Non est Factums</i>	200	00	00
-------------------------------------	-----	----	----

To ditto for <i>Discontinuance, Noli</i>	}	80	10	06
<i>prosequi, and Retraxit</i>				

To ditto for a <i>Non Omittas</i> , and	}	50	00	00
Filing a post <i>Diem</i>				

To <i>Hocur</i> for a <i>Dedimus pote-</i>	}	300	00	00
<i>statem</i>				

To ditto for <i>Casas</i> and <i>Fisas</i> af-	}	500	00	00
ter a <i>Devastavit</i>				

Carry over	1481	11	06
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Brought

(171)

	l.	s.	d.
Brought over—	1481	11	06
To ditto for a <i>Capias ad compu-</i> <i>tandum</i> ————	100	10	06
To Frog's new Tenants per Ac- count to Hocus, for <i>Audita que-</i> <i>rela's</i> ————	200	00	00
On the said Account for Writs of <i>Ejectment</i> and <i>Distringas</i> }	300	00	00
To Esquire South's Quota for a Return of a <i>Non est invent.</i> and <i>nulla habet bona</i> ———— }	150	10	00
To ——— for a Pardon in forma <i>pauperis</i> ————	200	00	00
To Jack for a <i>Melius inquiren-</i> <i>dum</i> upon a <i>Felo de se</i> ———— }	100	00	00
To Don Diego for a <i>Defecit</i> ———	50	00	00
To Coach-hire ————	500	00	00
For Treats to Juries and Witnesses	300	00	00
Sum	3382	12	00

Due by Nic. Frog 1691 06 00
Of which paid by Nic. Frog 1036 11 00

Remains due by Nic. Frog 654 15 00

Then Nic. Frog pull'd his Bill out of his
Pocket, and began to read.

Nicholas

(18)

Nicholas Frog's Account.

Remains to be deducted out of the former Account,

	l.	s.	d.
To <i>Hocus</i> for Entries of a <i>Rege</i> } <i>inconsuetudo</i> _____	200	00	00
To <i>John Bull's</i> Nephew for a <i>Ve-</i> } <i>nire facias</i> , the Money not yet all laid out _____	300	00	00
To Coach-hire for my Wife } and Family, and the Carriage of my Goods during the time of this Law-Suit _____	200	10	06
For the extraordinary Expences } of feeding my Family du- ring this Law-Suit _____	500	00	00
To <i>Major Ab.</i> _____	300	00	00
To <i>Major Will.</i> _____	200	00	00
Sum	1700	10	06
From which deduct	1691	06	00

There remains due to *Nic. Frog* 09 04 06

Besides, recollecting, I believe I paid for
Diego's Defecit.

John Bull. As for your *Venire facias*, I have paid you for one already; in the other, I believe you will be *Non-suited*: I'll take care of my Nephew my self. Your *Coach-hire* and *Family-Charges* are most unreasonable Deductions;

tions; at that rate, I can bring in any Man in the World my Debtor. But who the Devil are those two *Majors* that consume all my Money? I find they always run away with the Ballance in all Accompts.

Nic. Frog. Two very honest Gentlemen, I assure you, that have done me some Service. To tell you plainly *Major Ab.* denotes thy greater *Ability*, and *Major Will* thy greater *Willingness* to carry on this Law-suit. It was but reasonable thou shouldst pay both for thy *Power* and thy *Positiveness*.

J. Bull. I believe I shall have those two honest *Majors* discount on my side in a little time.

Nic. Frog. Why all this Higglings with thy Friend about such a paltry Sum? Does this become the Generosity of the Noble and Rich *John Bull*? I wonder thou art not ashamed. Oh *Hocus! Hocus!* where art thou? It used to go another-guess manner in thy time; when a poor Man has almost undone himself for thy sake, thou art for fleecing him and fleecing him; is that thy Conscience *John*?

J. Bull. Very pleasant indeed; it is well known thou retainst thy Lawyers by the Year, so a fresh Law-suit adds but little to thy Expence, they are thy Customers, I hardly ever sell them a Farthings worth of any thing; nay, thou hast set up an Eating-house, where the whole Tribe of them spend all they can rap or run; if it were well reckon'd, I believe

thou getst more of my Money than thou spends of thy own: However, if thou wilt needs plead Poverty, own at least that thy Accounts are false.

Nic. Frog. No marry won't I, I refer my self to these honest Gentlemen, let them judge between us; let Esquire *South* speak his Mind, whether my Accounts are not right, and whether we ought not to go on with our Law-suit.

J. Bull. Consult the Butchers about keeping of *Lent*. I tell you once for all, *John Bull* knows where his Shoe pinches, none of your Esquires shall give him the Law, as long as he wears this trusty Weapon by his side, or has an inch of broad Cloth in his Shop.

Nic. Frog. Why there it is, you will be both Judge and Party; I am sorry thou discoverest so much of thy head-strong Humour before these strange Gentlemen, I have often told you that it would prove thy Ruin some time or another.

John saw clearly he should have nothing but wrangling, and that he should have as little Success in settling his Accounts as ending the Composition: Since they will needs overload my Shoulders (quoth *John*) I shall throw down the Burden with a squash amongst them, take it up who dares; a Man has a fine time of it, amongst a combination of Sharpers, that Vouch for one anothers Honesty. *John* look to thy self, Old *Lewis* makes reasonable Offers,

Offers, when thou hast spent the small Pittance that is left, thou wilt make a glorious Figure, when thou art brought to live upon *Nic. Frog* and Esquire *South's* Generosity and Gratitude; if they use thee thus, when they want thee, what will they do when thou wants them? I say again, *John*, look to thy self.

John wisely stifled his Resentments, and told the Company that in a little time he should give them Law, or something better.

All. Law! Law! Sir, by all means, what is Twenty Two poor Years towards the finishing a Law-suit? For the Love of God more Law, Sir!

J. Bull. Prepare your Demands, how many Years more of Law you want, that I may order my Affairs accordingly. In the mean while farewell.

CHAP. III.

*How John Bull found all his Family in an Up-
roar at Home.*

N*ic. Frog*, who thought of nothing but carrying *John* to the Market, and there disposing of him as his own proper Goods, was mad to find that *John* thought himself now of Age to look after his own Affairs: He resolv'd to traverse this
new

new Project, and to make him uneasy in his own Family. He had corrupted or deluded most of his Servants into the extravagant Conceits in the World, that their Master was run mad, and wore a Dagger in one Pocket, and Poison in the other; that he had sold his Wife and Children to *Lewis*, disinherited his Heir, and was going to settle his Estate upon a *Parish Boy*; that if they did not look after their Master, he would do some very mischievous Thing. When *John* came home he found a more surprising Scene than any he had yet met with, and that you will say was somewhat extraordinary.

He call'd his Cook-maid *Betty* to bespeak his Dinner. *Betty* told him, *That she beg'd his Pardon, she could not dress Dinner till she knew what he intended to do with his Will.* Why *Betty*, forsooth (quoth *John*) thou art not run mad, art thou? My Will at present is to have Dinner. That may be (quoth *Betty*) but my Conscience won't allow me to dress it, till I know whither you intend to do righteous Things by your Heir. I am sorry for that *Betty* (quoth *John*) I must find some body else then. Then he call'd *John* the Barber. Before I begin (quoth *John*) I hope your Honour won't be offended, if I ask you whither you intend to alter your Will? If you won't give me a positive Answer, your Beard may grow down to your Middle, for me. I gad and so it shall (quoth *Ball*) for I will never trust my Throat

in

in such a mad Fellows Hands. Where's *Dick* the Butler? Look ye (quoth *Dick*) I am very willing to serve you in my Calling, d'ye see, but there are strange Reports, and plain-dealing is best, d'ye see. I must be satisfied if you intend to leave all to your Nephew, and if *Nic. Frog* is still your Executor, d'ye see; if you will not satisfy me as to these Points, d'ye see, you may drink with the Ducks. And so I will (quoth *John*) rather than keep a Butler that loves my Heir better than my self: *Hob* the Shoemaker, and *Pricket* the Taylor told him, they would most willingly serve him in their several Stations, if he would promise them never to talk with *Lewis Baboon*, and let *Nicolas Frog*, Linnen-draper, manage his Concerns; that they could neither make Shoes nor Cloaths to any that were not in good Correspondence with their worthy Friend *Nicolas*.

J. Bull. Call *Andrew* my Journey-Man: How goes Affairs, *Andrew*? I hope the Devil has not taken Possession of thy Body too.

Andrew. No, Sir, I only desire to know what you would do if you were dead?

J. Bull. Just as other dead Folks do, *Andrew*. This is Amazing. *[Aside.]*

Andrew. I mean if your Nephew shall inherit your Estate?

J. Bull. That depends upon himself. I shall do nothing to hinder him.

Andrew. But will you make it sure?

J. Bull.

J. Bull. Thou mean'it, that I should put him in Possession; for I can make it no surer without that, he has all the Law can give him.

Andrew. Indeed Possession, as you say, would make it much surer; they say, it is eleven points of the Law.

John began now to think that they were all enchanted; he enquires about the Age of the Moon, if *Nic* had not given them some intoxicating *Potion*, or if old Mother *Jenisa* was not still alive. No, o'my faith (*quoth Harry*) I believe there is no *Potion* in the Case, but a little *Aurum Potabile*. You will have more of this by and by. He had scarce spoke the Word, when of a sudden *Don Diego*, follow'd by a great Multitude of his Tenants and Work-men, came rushing into the Room.

D. Diego. Since those worthy Persons, who are as much concern'd for your Safety as I am, have employ'd me as their Orator, I desire to know whither you will have it by way of *Syllogism*, *Enthymem*, *Dilemma* or *Sorites*.

John now began to be diverted with their Extravagance.

J. Bull. Let's have a *Sorites* by all means; tho' I understand them all alike.

D. Diego. It is evident to all who are versed in History, that there were two *Sisters* that play'd the Whore, two thousand Years ago: Therefore it plainly follows, that it is not lawful for *John Bull* to have any manner
of

of Entercourse with *Lewis Baboon*. If it is not lawful for *John Bull* to have any manner of Entercourse (Correspondence, if you will, that is much the same thing) then *a Fortiori*, it is much more unlawful for the said *John* to make over his Wife and Children to the said *Lewis*; if his Wife and Children are not to be made over, he is not to wear a Dagger and Ratsbane in his Pockets; if he wears a Dagger and Ratsbane, it must be to do Mischief to himself or some body else; if he intends to do Mischief, he ought to be under Guardians, and there is none so fit as myself and some other worthy Persons, who have a Commission for that purpose from *Nic. Frog*, the Executor of his Will and Testament.

J. Bull. And this is your Sorites, you say?

With that he snatch'd a good tough Oaken Cudgel, and began to brandish it; then happy was the Man that was first at the Door; crouding to get out, they tumbled down Stairs, and it is credibly reported some of them drop'd very valuable Things in the hurry, which were pick'd up by others of the Family.

That any of these Rogues (quoth *John*) should imagine I am not as much concern'd as they about having my Affairs in a settled Condition, or that I would wrong my Heir for I know not what. Well *Nic.* I really cannot but applaud thy Diligence, I must own

D

this

this is really a pretty sort of a Trick, but it shan't do thy Business for all that.

CHAP. IV.

How Lewis Baboon came to visit John Bull, and what pass'd between them.

I Think it is but ingenuous to acquaint the Reader, that this Chapter was not wrote by Sir Humphry himself, but by another very able Pen of the University of Grubstreer.

John had (by some good Instructions that was given him by Sir Roger) got the better of his Cholerick Temper, and wrought himself up to a great steadiness of Mind, to pursue his own Interest through all Impediments that were thrown in the way; he began to leave off some of his old Acquaintance, his roaring and bullying about the Streets; he put on a serious Air, knit his Brows, and for the time had made a very considerable progress in Politicks, considering that he had been kept a stranger to his own Affairs. However, he could not help discovering some remains of his Nature, when he happen'd to meet with a Foot-Ball, or a Match at Cricket; for which Sir Roger was sure to take him to task. As John was walking about his Room with folded Arms, and a most thoughtful Countenance, his Servant brought him Word that one Lewis Baboon

Baboon below wanted to speak with him. *John* had got an Impression that *Lewis* was so deadly a cunning Man, that he was afraid to venture himself alone with him: At last he took heart of Grace. *Let him come up* (quoth he) *it is but sticking to my Point, and he can never over-reach me.*

Lewis Baboon. Monsieur Bull I will frankly acknowledge, that my Behaviour to my Neighbours has been somewhat uncivil; and I believe you will readily grant me, that I have met with Usage accordingly. I was fond of Back-sword and Cudgel play from my Youth, and I now bear in my Body many a black and blue Gash and Scar, God knows. I had as good a Ware-house, and as fair Possessions as any of my Neighbours, tho' I say it; but a contentious Temper, flattering Servants, and unfortunate Stars, have brought me into Circumstances that are not unknown to you. These my Misfortunes are heighten'd by domestick Calamities, that I need not relate. I am a poor old batter'd Fellow, and I would willingly end my Days in Peace: But alas, I see but small hopes of that, for every new Circumstance affords an Argument to my Enemies to pursue their Revenge; formerly I was to be bang'd because I was too Strong, and now because I am too Weak to resist. I am to be brought down when too Rich, and oppress'd when too Poor. *Nic. Frog* has used me like a *Scoundrel*; You are a

Gentleman, and I freely put my self in your Hands, to dispose of me as you think fit.

J. Ball. Look you, Master *Baboon*, as to your Usage of your Neighbours, you had best not dwell too much upon that Chapter; let it suffice at present that you have been met with, you have been rolling a great Stone uphill all your Life, and at last it has come tumbling down till it is like to crush you to pieces; Plain dealing is best. If you have any particular Mark, Mr. *Baboon*, whereby one may know when you Fib, and when you speak Truth, you had best tell it me, that one may proceed accordingly; but since at present I know of none such, it is better that you should trust me, than that I should trust you.

L. Baboon. I know of no particular Mark of Veracity, amongst us Tradesmen, but Interest; and it is manifestly mine not to deceive you at this time; you may safely trust me, I can assure you.

J. Ball. The Trust I give is in short this, I must have something in hand before I make the Bargain, and the rest before it is concluded.

L. Baboon. To shew you I deal fairly, name your Something.

J. Ball. I need not tell thee, old Boy; thou canst guess.

L. Baboon. Ecclestown Castle, I'll warrant you, because it has been formerly in your
Fami-

Family! Say no more, you shall have it.

J. Bull. I shall have it to m'own self?

L. Baboon. To thy n'own self.

J. Bull. Every Wall, Gate, Room, and Inch, of *Ecclesdown Castle*, you say?

L. Baboon. Just so.

J. Bull. Every single Stone of *Ecclesdown Castle*, to m'own self, speedily!

L. Baboon. When you please, what needs more Words?

J. Bull. But tell me, old Boy, hast thou laid aside all thy *Equivocals* and *Mentals* in this case?

L. Baboon. There is nothing like Matter of Fact; Seeing is Believing.

J. Bull. Now thou talk'st to the purpose; let us shake Hands, old Boy. Let me ask thee one Question more, What hast thou to do to meddle with the Affairs of my Family, to dispose of my Estate, old Boy?

L. Baboon. Just as much as you have to do with the Affairs of Lord *Strut*.

J. Bull. Ay, but my Trade, my very Being, was concern'd in that.

L. Baboon. And my Interest was concern'd in the other: but let us drop both our Pretences; for I believe it is a moot point, whether I am more likely to make a Master *Bull*, or you a Lord *Strut*.

J. Bull. Agreed, old Boy; but then I must have Security that I shall carry my Broadcloth to Market, old Boy.

L. Ba-

L. Baboon. That you shall: *Ecclesdown Castle! Ecclesdown!* Remember that: Why would'st thou not take it when it was offer'd thee some Years ago?

J. Bull. I would not take it, because they told me thou would'st not give it me.

L. Baboon. How could Monsieur *Bull* be so grossly abused by downright Nonsense? They that advis'd you to refuse, must have believed I intended to give, else why would they not make the Experiment? But I can tell you more of that Matter than perhaps you know at present.

J. Bull. But what say'st thou as to the Esquire, *Nic. Frog*, and the rest of the Tradersmen? I must take care of them.

L. Baboon. Thou hast but small Obligations to *Nic*; to my certain Knowledge: He has not us'd me like a Gentleman.

J. Bull. *Nic*, indeed, is not very nice in your Punctilio's of Ceremony; he is Clownish, as a Man may say; Belching and Calling of Names have been allow'd him time out of mind, by Prescription: but however, we are engag'd in one Common Cause, and I must look after him.

L. Baboon. All Matters that relate to him, and the rest of the Plaintiffs in this Law-Suit, I will refer to your Justice.

C H A P. V.

Nic. Frog's Letter to John Bull; wherein he endeavours to vindicate all his Conduct, with relation to John Bull and the Law-Suit.

NIC. perceiv'd now that his Cully had elop'd, that *John* intended henceforth to deal without a Broker; but he was resolv'd to leave no Stone unturn'd to recover his Bubble: Amongst other Artifices, he wrote a most obliging Letter, which he sent him Printed in a fair Character.

Dear Friend,

“ When I consider the late ill Usage I have
 “ met with from you, I was reflecting what
 “ it was that could provoke you to it; but
 “ upon a narrow Inspection into my Con-
 “ duct, I can find nothing to reproach my
 “ self with, but too partial a Concern for
 “ your Interest. You no sooner set this
 “ Composition a-foot, but I was ready to
 “ comply, and prevented your very Wishes;
 “ and the Affair might have been ended be-
 “ fore now, had it not been for the greater
 “ Concerns of Esq; *South*, and the other poor
 “ Creatures, embark'd in the same Common
 “ Cause, whose Safety touches me to the
 “ Quick. You seem'd a little jealous that I
 “ had dealt unfairly with you in Money-mat-
 “ ters,

“ ters, till it appear’d by your own Ac-
 “ counts, that there was something due to
 “ me upon the Ballance. Having nothing
 “ to answer to so plain a Demonstration, you
 “ began to complain as if I had been fami-
 “ liar with your Reputation; when it is well
 “ known, not only I, but the meanest Ser-
 “ vant in my Family, talk of you with the
 “ utmost Respect. I have always, as far as
 “ in me lies, exhorted your Servants and
 “ Tenants to be dutiful; not that I any
 “ ways meddle in your domestick Affairs,
 “ which were very unbecoming for me to
 “ do. If some of your Servants express their
 “ great Concern for you in a manner that is
 “ not so very polite, you ought to impute it
 “ to their extraordinary Zeal, which deserves
 “ a Reward rather than a Reproof. You can-
 “ not reproach me for want of Success at the
 “ *Salutation*, since I am not Master of the
 “ Passions and Interests of other Folks. I
 “ have beggar’d my self with this Law-Suit,
 “ undertaken merely in Complaisance to you;
 “ and if you would have had but a little Pa-
 “ tience, I had still greater things in Reserve
 “ that I intended to have done for you. I
 “ hope what I have said will prevail with you
 “ to lay aside your unreasonable Jealousies,
 “ and that we may have no more Meetings
 “ at the *Salutation*, spending our Time and
 “ Money to no Purpose. My Concern for
 “ your Welfare and Prosperity, almost makes
 “ me

“ me mad. You may be assur’d I will con-
 “ tinue to be

Your affectionate

Friend and Servant,

NIC. FROG.

John receiv’d this with a good deal of *Sang froid*; *Transat* (quoth *John*) *cum cateris erroribus*: He was now at his Ease; he saw he could now make a very good Bargain for himself, and a very safe one for other Folks. *My Shirt* (quoth he) *is near me, but my Skin is nearer*: Whilst I take care of the Welfare of other Folks, no body can blame me, to apply a little Balsam to my own Sores: It’s a pretty thing, after all, for a Man to do his own Business; a Man has such a tender Concern for himself, there’s nothing like it. This is somewhat better, I trow, than for *John Bull* to be standing in the Market, like a great Dray-horse, with *Frog’s* Paws upon his Head, *What will ye give me for this Beast?* *Serviteur* Nic. Frog, *you may kiss my Backside if you please*. Though *John Bull* has not read your *Aristotles*, *Plato’s*, and *Machiavels*, he can see as far into a Millstone as another: With that *John* began to chuckle and laugh, till he was like to burst his Sides.

E

CHAP.

C H A P. VI.

The Discourse that pass'd between Nic. Frog and Esquire South, which John Bull overheard.

John thought every Minute a Year till he got into *Ecclesdown Castle*; he repairs to the *Salutation*, with a Design to break the Matter gently to his Partners: Before he enter'd, he overheard *Nic.* and the Esquire in a very pleasant Conference.

Esq; South. Oh the Ingratitude and Injustice of Mankind! That *John Bull*, whom I have honour'd with my Friendship and Protection so long, should flinch at last, and pretend that he can disburse no more Money for me; that the Family of the *Souths*, by his sneaking Temper, should be kept out of their own.

Nic. Frog. An't like your Worship, I am in amaze at it; I think the Rogue should be compell'd to do his Duty.

Esq; South. That he should prefer his scandalous Pelf, the Dust and Dregs of the Earth, to the Prosperity and Grandeur of my Family!

Nic. Frog. Nay, he is mistaken there too; for, he would quickly lick himself whole again by his Vails. It's strange he should prefer *Philip Baboon's* Custom to *Esq; South's*.

Esq;

Esq; South. As you say, that my Clothier, that is to get so much by the Purchase, should refuse to put me in Possession; did you ever know any Man's Tradesman serve him so before?

Nic. Frog. No, indeed, an' please your Worship, it is a very unusual Proceeding; and I would not have been guilty of it for the World. If your Honour had not a great Stock of Moderation and Patience, you would not bear it so well as you do.

Esq; South. It is most intolerable; that's certain *Nic.* and I will be reveng'd.

Nic. Frog. Methinks it is strange, that *Philip Baboon's* Tenants do not all take your Honour's part, considering how good and gentle a Master you are.

Esq; South. True, *Nic.* but few are sensible of Merit in this World: It is a great Comfort, to have so faithful a Friend as thy self in so critical a Juncture.

Nic. Frog. If all the World should forsake you, be assur'd *Nic. Frog* never will; let us stick to our Point, and we'll manage *Ball*, I'll warrant ye.

Esq; South. Let me kiss thee, dear *Nic.* I have found one honest Man amongst a thousand at last.

Nic. Frog. If it were possible, your Honour has it in your Power to wed me still closer to your Interest.

Esq; South. Tell me quickly, dear *Nic.*

Nic. Frog. You know I am your Tenant; the Difference between my Lease and an Inheritance is such a Trifle, as I am sure you will not grudge your poor Friend; that will be an Encouragement to go on; besides, it will make *Bull* as mad as the Devil: You and I shall be able to manage him then to some purpose.

Esq. South. Say no more, it shall be done
Nic. to thy Heart's Content.

John, all this while, was listening to this comical Dialogue, and laugh'd heartily in his Sleeve at the Pride and Simplicity of the *Esquire*, and the Sly Roguery of his Friend *Nic.* Then of a sudden bolting into the Room, he began to tell them, that he believ'd he had brought *Lewis* to reasonable Terms, if they would please to hear them.

Then they all bawl'd out aloud, *No Composition, Long live Esquire South and the Law!* As *John* was going to proceed, some roar'd, some stamp'd with their Feet, others stop'd their Ears with their Fingers.

Nay, Gentlemen (quoth *John*), if you will but stop proceeding for a while, you shall judge your selves whether *Lewis's* Proposals are reasonable.

All. Very fine indeed, stop proceeding, and so lose a Term.

J. Bull. Not so neither, we have something by way of Advance, he will put us in Possession of his Mannor and Castle of *Ecclesdown*.

Nic.

Nic. Frog. What dost talk of us, thou mean'st thy self?

J. Bull. When *Frog* took Possession of any thing, it was always said to be for *Us*; and why may not *John Bull* be *Us*, as well as *Nic. Frog* was *Us*? I hope *John Bull* is no more confin'd to Singularity than *Nic. Frog*; or take it so, the constant Doctrine that thou hast preach'd up for many Years, was that Thou and I are One; and why must we be supposed Two in this Case, that were always One before? It's impossible that Thou and I can fall out *Nic.* we must trust one another. I have trusted thee with a great many things, prithee trust me with this one Trifle.

Nic. Frog. That Principle is true in the main; but there is some Speciality in this Case, that makes it highly inconvenient for us both.

J. Bull. Those are your Jealousies, that the common Enemies sow between us; how often hast thou warn'd me of those Rogues, *Nic.* that would make us mistrustful of one another?

Nic. Frog. This *Ecclesdown-Castle* is only a Bone of Contention.

J. Bull. It depends upon you to make it so, for my part I am as peaceable as a Lamb.

Nic. Frog. But do you consider the unwholesomness of the Air and Soil, the Expenses of Reparations and Servants, I would scorn to accept of such a Quag-mire.

J. Bull.

J. Bull. You are a great Man, *Nic.* but in my Circumstances, I must be e'en content to take it as it is.

Nic. Frog. And you are really so silly, as to believe the old cheating Rogue will give it you.

J. Bull. I believe nothing but Matter of Fact; I stand and fall by that, I am resolv'd to put him to it.

Nic. Frog. And so relinquish the hopefulest Cause in the World, a Claim that will certainly in the End, make thy Fortune for ever.

J. Bull. Wilt thou purchase it *Nic?* thou shalt have a lumping Pennyworth; nay, rather than we should differ, I'll give thee something to take it off my Hands.

Nic. Frog. If thou wouldst but moderate that hasty impatient Temper of thine, thou should'st quickly see a better thing than all that: What should'st thou think to find old *Lewis* turn'd out of his paternal Estates and Mansion-house of *Clay-Pool*? Would not that do thy Heart good to see thy old Friend *Nic. Frog* Lord of *Clay Pool*? Then thou and thy Wife and Children shall walk in my Gardens, buy Toys, drink Lemonade, and now and then we should have a Country-dance.

J. Bull. I love to be plain, I'd as lieve see my self in *Ecclesdown-Castle*, as thee in *Clay-Pool*. I tell you again, *Lewis* gives this as a Pledge

ledge of his Sincerity, if you won't stop
proceeding to hear him, I will.

CHAP. VII.

*The rest of Nic's Fetches to keep John out of
Ecclesdown-Castle.*

WHEN *Nic.* could not diswade *John*
by Argument, he try'd to move his
Pity, he pretended to be sick and like to dye,
that he should leave his Wife and Children
in a starving Condition, if *John* did abandon
him; that he was hardly able to crawl about
the Room, far less capable to look after such
a troublesome Business as this Law-suit, and
therefore begg'd that his good Friend would
not leave him. When he saw that *John* was
still inexorable, he pull'd out a Case-Knife,
with which he used to Sneaker-snee, and
threaten'd to cut his own Throat. "Thrice
" he aim'd the Knife to his Wind-pipe with a
" most determin'd threatning Air. What
" signifies Life (quoth he) in this languishing
" Condition, it will be some Pleasure that
" my Friends will revenge my Death upon
" this barbarous Man, that has been the
" Cause of it? All this while *John* look'd Se-
date and Calm, neither offering in the least to
snatch the Knife, nor stop his Blow, trusting
to the Tenderneſs *Nic.* had for his own Per-
son,

son: When he perceiv'd that *John* was immoveable in his Purpose, he apply'd himself to *Lewis*.

Art thou (quoth he) turn'd Bubble in thy Old Age, from being a Sharper in thy Youth? what occasion hast thou to give up Ecclefdown-Castle to John Bull? his Friendship is not worth a Rush, give it me and I'll make it worth the while. If thou dislikest that Proposition, keep it thy self, I'd rather thou shouldst have it than he. If thou hearkens not to my Advice, take what follows; Esquire South and I will go on with our Law-suit in spite of John Bull's Teeth.

L. Baboon. Monsieur Bull has used me like a Gentleman, and I am resolv'd to make good my Promise, and trust him for the Consequences.

Nic. Frog. Then I tell thee thou art an old doating Fool. With that *Nic* bounc'd up with a Spring equal to that of one of your nimblest Tumblers or Rope dancers, falls foul upon *John Bull* to snatch the Cudgel he had in his Hand, that he might thrack *Lewis* with it. *John* held it fast, so that there was no wrenching it from him. At last *Esquire South* buckl'd to, to assist his Friend *Nic*. *John* hall'd on one side, and they two on the other; sometimes they were like to pull *John* over; then it went, all of a sudden again, on *John's* side; so they went see-sawing up and down, from one End of the Room to the other.

other: Down tumbld the Tables, Bottles, Glasses, and Tobacco Pipes: The Wine and the Tobacco were all spilt about the Room, and the little Fellows were almost trod under Foot, 'till more of the Tradesmen joyning with *Nic.* and the Esquire, *John* was hardly able to pull against them all, yet he never quit hold of his trusty Cudgel; which by the contranitent Force of two so great Powers, broke short in his Hands. *Nic.* seiz'd the longer end, and with it began to Bastingado Old *Lewis*, who had slunk into a Corner, waiting the Event of this Squabble. *Nic.* came up to him with an insolent menacing Air, so that the old Fellow was forc'd to skuttle out of the Room, and retire behind a Dung-cart: He call'd to *Nic.* thou insolent Jackanapes, time was when thou durst not have used me so, thou now takest me unprovided, but old and infirm as I am, I shall find a Weapon by and by to chastise thy Impudence.

When *John Bull* had recover'd his Breath, he began to parly with *Nic.* Friend *Nic.* I am glad to find thee so strong after thy great Complaints; really thy Motions *Nic.* are pretty Vigorous for a consumptive Man. As for thy worldly Affairs *Nic.* if it can do thee any Service, I freely make over to thee this profitable Law-suit; and I desire all these Gentlemen to bear witness to this my Act and Deed, yours be all the Gain, as mine has been the
F Charges,

Charges, I have brought it to bear finely: However, all I have laid out upon it goes for nothing, thou shalt have it with all its Appurtenances, I ask nothing but leave to go home.

Nic. Frog. The Counsel are see'd, and all Things prepared for a Tryal, thou shalt be forced to stand the Issue: It shall be plead- ed in thy Name as well as mine: Go home if thou can'st, the Gates are shut, the Turn- pikes locked, and the Roads barricado'd.

J. Bull. Even these very ways *Nic* that thou toldest me, were as open to me as thy self? If I can't pass with my own Equipage, what can I expect for my Goods and Wag- gons? I am deny'd Passage through those ve- ry Grounds that I have purchased with my own Money; however, I am glad I have made the Experiment, it may serve me in some stead.

John Bull was so over-joy'd that he was going to take Possession of *Eccelesdown*, that nothing could vex him. *Nic* (quoth he) *I am just a going to leave thee, cast a kind look upon me at parting.*

Nic look'd sower and grum, and would not open his Mouth.

J. Bull. I wish thee all the Success that thy Heart can desire, and that these honest Gentle- men of the long Robe may have their Belly full of Law.

Nic

Nic could stand it no longer, but flung out of the Room with disdain, and beckon'd the Lawyers to follow him.

J. Bull. B'y, b'y Nic, not one poor Smile at parting, won't you shake your day day, Nic? B'y Nic: With that John march'd out of the common Road cross the Country, to take Possession of Ecclefdoun.

CH A P. VIII.

Of the great Joy that John express'd when he got Possession of Ecclefdoun.

WHEN John had got into his Castle, he seem'd like *Ulysses* upon his Plank after he had been well fous'd in Salt-water; who (as *Homer* says) was as glad as a Judge going to sit down to Dinner, after hearing a long Cause upon the Bench. I dare say John Bull's Joy was equal to that of either of the two; he skip'd from Room to Room; ran up Stairs and down Stairs, from the Kitchen to the Garrets, and from the Garrets to the Kitchen; he peep'd into every Crany; sometimes he admired the Beauty of the Architecture, and the vast Solidity of the Masons Work; at other times he commended the Symmetry and Proportion of the Rooms. He walk'd

about the Gardens; he Bath'd himself in the Canal, swimming, diving, and beating the liquid Element, like a milk-white Swan. The Hall resounded with the sprightly Violin and the martial Hautboy. The Family trip'd it about and Caper'd like *Hail-stones bounding from a Marble Floor*: Wine, Ale and October flew about as plentifully as Kennel-Water; then a Frolick took *John* in the Head to call up some of *Nic Frog's* Pensioners that had been so mutinous in his Family.

J. Bull. Are you glad to see your Master in *Ecclesdown-Castle*?

All. Yes indeed, Sir.

J. Bull. Extremely glad?

All. Extremely glad, Sir.

J. Bull. Swear to me that you are so.

Then they began to damn and sink their Souls to the lowest Pit of Hell, if any Person in the World rejoyc'd more than they did.

J. Bull. Now hang me if I don't believe you are a parcel of perjur'd Rascals; however take this Bumper of October to your Master's Health.

Then *John* got upon the Battlements, and looking over he call'd to *Nic Frog*.

How do's ye do, *Nic*? D'ye see where I am *Nic*? I hope the Cause goes on swimmingly *Nic*; when dost thou intend to go to *Clay-Pool*, *Nic*? Wilt thou buy there some High-Heads of the newest Cut for my Daughters? How comest thou to go with thy Arm ty'd up?

up? Has old *Lewis* given thee a rap over the Knuckles? Thy Weapon was a good one when I wielded it, but the Butt-end remains in my Hands. I am so busy in packing up my Goods, that I have no time to talk with thee any longer: It would do thy Heart good to see what Waggon Loads I am preparing for Market; if thou wantest any good Office of mine, for all that has happen'd, I will use thee well *Nic*; b'y *Nic*.

**** John Bull's Thanks to Sir Roger, and Nic Frog's Malediction upon all Shrews, the Original Cause of his Misfortunes, are reserv'd for the next Volume.*

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